# The Miſtaken Mid-vvife,

OR,

## *Mother Mid-Night finely brought to Bed.*

Relating how a Midwife in London being married to the third Husband, and not having a Child in all that time; to take off the ſcandal of Barrenneſs, pretending to be with-child, wore a Pillow under her cloaths, to deceive her Neighbours. And the time of her delivery being come, ſhe provided a dead child, whereof ſhe pretended to be privately delivered: But upon ſuſpition, being found by a Jury of Women to be none of her own: ſhe was ſent to priſon, where ſhe now remains.

*What nature did deny her on her part,* ; *She was reſolv'd for to ſupply by art.*

Tune of, *I am a Jovial Batchelor, &c.* With Allowance. Ro. L'Eſtrange.

A Midwife lately in this town,
by folly was miſled,
Who many a woman had lain down,
and brought them into Bed;
She to three husbands married was,
which made her almoſt wild,
Becauſe in all that time alas,
ſhe could not have a Child.

A project came into her mind,
the world for to deceive,
And how ſhe might her neighbors blind,
and make them to believe:
That ſhe from Barrenneſs was free,
and fruitful as the beſt,
Thus with her ſelf ſhe did agree,
A little Pillow ſhe prepar'd,
which cunningly ſhe plac'd,
And to the women then declar'd,
ſhe ſhould not be diſgrac'd;
Quoth ſhe my time of joy is come,
I now am big with child,
I feel the babe ſpring in my womb,
and thus ſhe them beguil'd.

Her neighbours being credulous
believ'd the words ſhe ſpoke,
And for a time it paſſed thus,
under this feigned cloak:
Becauſe they ever uſed ſtill,
her help in time of need;
So every one with a good will,

# The Miſtaken Mid-vvife,

OR,

## *Mother Mid-Night finely brought to Bed.*

Relating how a Midwife in London being married to the third Husband, and not having a Child in all that time; to take off the ſcandal of Barrenneſs, pretending to be with-child, wore a Pillow under her cloaths, to deceive her Neighbours. And the time of her delivery being come, ſhe provided a dead child, whereof ſhe pretended to be privately delivered: But upon ſuſpition, being found by a Jury of Women to be none of her own: ſhe was ſent to priſon, where ſhe now remains.

*What nature did deny her on her part,* ; *She was reſolv'd for to ſupply by art.*

Tune of, *I am a Jovial Batchelor, &c.* With Allowance. Ro. L'Eſtrange.

A Midwife lately in this town,
by folly was miſled,
Who many a woman had lain down,
and brought them into Bed;
She to three husbands married was,
which made her almoſt wild,
Becauſe in all that time alas,
ſhe could not have a Child.

A project came into her mind,
the world for to deceive,
And how ſhe might her neighbors blind,
and make them to believe:
That ſhe from Barrenneſs was free,
and fruitful as the beſt,
Thus with her ſelf ſhe did agree,
A little Pillow ſhe prepar'd,
which cunningly ſhe plac'd,
And to the women then declar'd,
ſhe ſhould not be diſgrac'd;
Quoth ſhe my time of joy is come,
I now am big with child,
I feel the babe ſpring in my womb,
and thus ſhe them beguil'd.

Her neighbours being credulous
believ'd the words ſhe ſpoke,
And for a time it paſſed thus,
under this feigned cloak:
Becauſe they ever uſed ſtill,
her help in time of need;
So every one with a good will,

HEr simple Husband he poor man,
knew nothing of the Cheat,
But to provide what e're he can,
of dainties for her Treat:
For fear she should her longing lose,
and what she went withal;
Thus did she lead him by the Nose,
and made him pay for all.

And now the time it did draw nigh,
She should be brought to bed,
Great preparations speedily,
was ready furnished:
And all things put in order due,
against the joyful hour;
With child-bed linnen fine and new,
according to her power.

And so this Wretch provided had,
to compass her own ends,
A child which had been buried,
and sent for none but friends:
Who privy were unto the Plot,
pretending suddain pains,
That she delivered was God wot,
but now the rest remains.

She for the burial did prepare,
of her pretended Child,
And seemed to be full of care,
as are all Mothers mild,
And to that end in readiness,
she had provided Wine,
But all her craft did not prevail,
as she did there design.

Some Women who suspected had
her carriage all the time,
Gave notice of her dealings bad,
and did divulge her crime:
So that a Jury of Women wise,
were Summon'd to appear,
Who found she told nothing but lyes,
and made the business clear.

She for the dead Child questioned was
how she came by the same,
She still affirm'd it was her own,
and they were much to blame.
Pretending weakness in that case,
she beg'd and did prevail,
That for some time in her distress,
she might be under bail.

But fearing what would be the end,
of this her folly great,
For to escape she did intend,
which was discovered straight:
And so she was to Prison sent,
whereas she doth abide,
For to receive due punishment,
when as she shall be try'd

Thus did she strive for to obtain,
what nature did deny,
To blind the world it was in vain,
her fraud they did espy:
Howe're it was a cunning slight,
as ever did befall:
To bring a Child into the World,
and feel no pain at all.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clark.